



Dorothy Dix's Advice

REVIVING THE DEAD.

A man asks me if I can tell him how to work the greatest of all miracles, and that is to bring a dead love to life again.

He says that he married a beautiful and charming woman with whom he was much in love, and who loved him with all her heart. The woman was everything a wife should be. They had children, and a happy home, and for ten years lived an ideal domestic life.

Then the man met a gay adventuress, who captured his fickle fancy. For a while he was completely fascinated by the woman. He neglected his wife for her. He spent upon her the money that should have gone to his family. He was surly, and grouchy at home, and never happy except when he was with the woman and the gay crowd she drew about her.

The wife bore everything with dignity and patience. She never raged. She kept her home intact, and, at least, warded off open scandal from her children's name. Finally, the man got tired of feeding on the husks of sins. Suddenly, one day he saw the woman as she was, coarse, vulgar, greedy, and grasping, and vile. Her spell for him was broken, her charm gone, and he returned in sack cloth and ashes to his wife.

She forbore to reproach him. She drew the mantle of a decent silence over the past, and it is never referred to between them. She is kind to him, helpful, friendly, but that is all. The old love, the old tenderness is gone, and the man would give everything he has in the world to bring them back again, and he asks what he can do to win back again the heart he threw away so carelessly.

No one can tell him how to accomplish this marvel. It is very easy for a man to light the fires of love on the altar of a young girl's soul, but when the fire has burned itself out it is an almost impossible thing to rekindle the ashes.

No woman can really love a man whom she doesn't respect and honor, whom she does not believe to be strong, and faithful, and loyal, whom she cannot trust. No woman can feel anything but contempt for the philanderer who chases every petticoat, who can be taken in and made a fool of by any designing woman, who is so weak that he cannot do a man's part in running the responsibilities he has taken upon himself, and who is so poor a creature he cannot be loyal even to his own flesh and blood.

Every woman who loves her husband and visions him as a hero, and clothes him with a halo, and has affections that make him godlike to her. The tears that a woman sheds over an unfaithful husband wash her eyes clear, and she sees him exactly as he is, without even a shadow of illusion with which to clothe the nakedness of his imperfections.

Men have always held to the comfortable theory that woman's love was indestructible, and that no matter how much she trampled upon it, and abused it, that it would always be waiting ready for use again, as good as new whenever they happened to need or want it. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A woman's love is as perishable a thing as the bloom on a peach. Once brushed off with a careless hand, and it is gone past all magic to restore.

It is true that women forgive erring husbands and take them back far faster than men forgive and take back erring wives. They do this for many reasons besides the one that a man's vanity attributed to them. They do it because it is often the way to make the best of a bad bargain. They do it because it is better for their children. They do it because even when love is gone from the hearthstone, her home and a settled position in society are still a consolation prize to a woman. They do it because after many a woman has ceased to love her husband as a husband, she still has for him a maternal affection that makes her feel the sort of protecting pity towards his weakness that she would feel towards a bad child's.

But no woman ever trusts again the man who has once deceived her. No woman ever looks up again to the man who has weakly succumbed to temptation. No woman ever loves blindly, passionately, romantically, unquestioningly, but once, and the man who throws that love away can never regain it. It is the very flower of a woman's spirit, and soul, and body, and when it vanishes it is gone forever. The woman can no more recall it herself than the man can. When you break an alabaster vase you may patch the pieces together so it will once again hold water and be a receptacle in which you can put flowers, and you may make-shift to do it. But the crack will always be there, ugly and disfiguring. Nothing can make a broken thing whole and beautiful again.

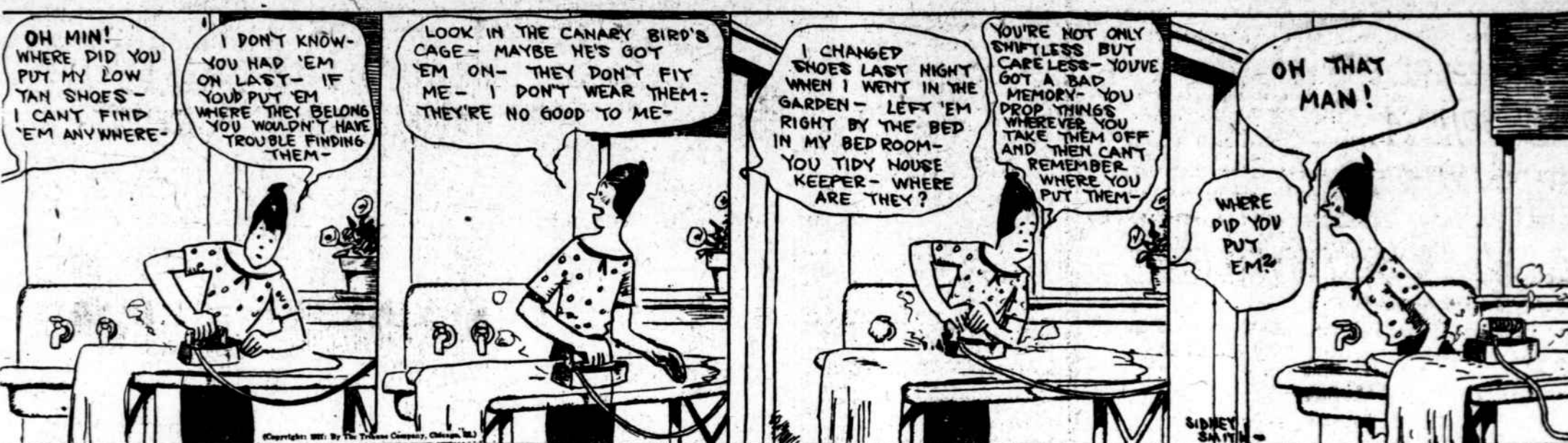
So it is with love. So it is with all human relationships. Perhaps if men and women remembered that there is no undoing of what they have done, no blotting out of the past, and that they can no more regain a lost love than they can make a shattered vase whole again, they would be more careful of the hearts they hold in their hands.

Going to Buy Home, Loses His Seven Years' Savings

CHICAGO, June 26.—Felix Lombardi worked seven years in the steel mills and denied himself many pleasures and comforts to save the \$700 he needed to buy the little home he and his wife wanted. Last night he drew the money from a savings bank and started for a real estate office to make the payment. When he got to the office, the money was gone. He reported to the police that he had been fooled as he boarded a street car, and believed his pocket had been picked.

THE GUMPS—NOTHING FOR SOMETHING.

—By SMITH



A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

The Boys and Girls' Herald

Price Free With The Big Herald.

JUNE 27, 1921.

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Scouts' Camp Opens Saturday For Summer

Saturday was a red-letter day to Washington Boy Scouts, as was anticipated—the day of the opening of Camp Roosevelt, the Scout camp at Willows, Md., on Chesapeake Bay. In 100 homes throughout the city, the Boy Scout of the family needed no second call for breakfast, for he was the first one up, and everybody in the household was well aware that something of unusual interest was about to happen, for he was about to enjoy the experience that every red-blooded American boy craves—to go camping alongside of some body of water, where he can swim, fish and row a boat to his heart's content.

The camp now owns a tract of sixty acres of land bordering Chesapeake Bay for one-third of a mile, has an equipment consisting of dining and recreation hall, bathhouse and several boats, and regulation army pyramidal tents equipped with board floors.

The following Scouts of the troops named left yesterday for the first week in camp: Troop One, R. C. Hunt; Troop Two, J. Poole; Troop Eight, A. Franklin, E. Carmich, G. Carmich, W. S. Pye, J. P. Mages, R. F. Mages, C. B. Hunt, H. U. Graham, R. Hoffman, G. M. Hoggman, P. J. Stone; Troop Nine, P. Wilson; Troop Fifteen, A. Valera; Troop Sixteen, W. Braden; Troop Seventeen, R. Leonard, D. Smiley, E. May, E. G. Collier, J. R. Corry, G. R. Hersey; Troop Twenty-three, F. Barker, J. Wapton, H. Mullen, D. Plant, Dr. Merrill, J. Franzoni, C. Holt, S. Pollock, G. Blumh, H. Blumh, D. Geary, H. Ousted; Troop Thirty-four, G. L. Manson; Troop Thirty-seven, W. Richards, J. Slack, M. Cox, C. Winterburn, H. Winterburn; Troop Thirty-eight, W. D. Thompson; Troop Thirty-nine, M. C. Love, S. Perkins, E. Mollohan, R. Crist, W. Jack, W. VanLeer, R. Abbatichio, K.

HE INVENTS A NEW KIND OF LAWN MOWER FOR CUTTING THE GRASS.



Answer to last one: Helen.

Mulford; Troop Forty, A. Buy-nitzky, D. Lee; Troop Forty-seven, T. W. Page, J. E. Falgout; Troop Fifty-seven, J. S. Davidson, B. Adelman, P. Fraser, W. R. Corry, G. R. Hersey; Troop Sixty-three, H. H. Flood; Troop Seventy-four, H. Johnson, C. Muller, J. Considine, F. Beatty, E. Burgess, W. Watson, E. L. Parks, C. Miner, Geo. Bennett, E. Bar; Troop Seventy-six, P. W. Turner; Troop Seventy-seven, S. B. Holland; Troop Ninety-one, R. Goodhart; Troop 100, D. J. Tyrrell, Geo. Fessenden, Geo. Wilcox; Troop Sixty, C. Beller, J. Younghusband, J. W. Owens, B. Acher, C. D. Griffen, H. E. Songston.

Entroll Now In the Health Swim Class

It is not too late to be enrolled in The Herald swimming classes at the Tidal Basin Bathing Beach. Each day during the summer months George H. Corsan, swimming instructor, will play his part for the benefit of Washington's youths. During the past week, thousands of boys and girls learned the art of the water. Tomorrow, a test will be given those who have attended the first five lessons and there will be an advanced class inaugurated, of those who pass Mr. Corsan's examination.

Nuts to Crack.

(Make one up and send it in.) It has four legs, stands, yet turns around. What is it? (Suggestion: It is something that is placed in front of a certain large musical instrument.) —Contributed by Mollie Moor-man.

Where Do Snakes Carry Poison?

At the root of the snake's tooth there is a small, muscular sac which contains the poison of the venomous snake. When the snake bites the fangs press on this sac and the poison flows into the wound through a groove in the tooth.

Stealing Bases.

What ball player doesn't want to know how to "steal" a base? None! Exactly. Read the special article on running bases by Curtis Walker, New York Giants, to be printed here tomorrow.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

By BRIGGS



Borrowed Husbands

A Married Life Story
Written for The Herald
By Mildred K. Barbour

"IT IS BETTER SO!" In answer to Nancy's helpless question, "Tell me what I had better do?" Desmond said:

"Do what I have just told you. Put the quietus on all this gossip by announcing your engagement to me."

"But I couldn't do that!" protested Nancy. There was a moment's silence. Then he said quietly:

"That is quite definite?" Even while this opportunity offered a graceful retreat from an awkward situation, Nancy temporized.

"It wouldn't be fair to you—you know what people would say if I became engaged to you in the face of this."

"Do you think I would care what people say so long as you gave me your promise and meant it?"

"But I would care," insisted Nancy. "I think too much of you to have enough to say that you were a convenient mode of escape."

He caught her hands impulsively. "Then you do care a little, don't you, Nancy?"

She rose quickly from the piano, withdrawing her hands. "I don't know! Please don't make me answer now. Give me time."

"But, dear heart, there is no more time. I must go away. Don't make me leave you to face the embarrassment, if not the actual danger, of this gossip, alone."

"But I, too, am going away. I've decided to accept Connie's invitation to accompany her to the mountains. Surely, the fact that she and I are away together will put an end to this ridiculous talk."

"Have you considered the fact that Mrs. Stanley has been more or less away from the world for some time and gossip, perhaps, did not reach her ears? When she leaves the hospital, the situation may be different."

Nancy stared at him in amazement. "You don't think for one instant that Connie would believe such absurdities? The whole arrangement of my living here and seeing to it that Curtis dined at home was of her making. She knows how strongly I protested against it and how I prophesied that people would talk."

"Wives sometimes forget much for which they were initially responsible," he said.

"I won't believe you!" declared Nancy, indignantly. "Connie is one of my best friends and, above everything else, she is a sensible woman. She would never distrust me!"

He shrugged. "I sincerely trust that you're right. We'll say no more about it. Now, I'll be off. I think Stanley will excuse me from staying to dine and I am sure that you will be glad if I do not remain."

Nancy's eyes, upturned to his face, were a little wistful. "You must really go—like this!"

He bowed. "It is better so."

He held out his hand and she put hers into it. "I can't tell you what your friendship has meant," she began. "I only wish things could have been different."

"Please," he stopped with a gesture. "I am a fatalist. What is to be, will be."

He raised her hand to his lips and said, softly: "Good-bye, very wonderful little girl!"

At the door, he hesitated a moment and then turned back, saying in a matter of fact voice:

JAP CROWN PRINCE SEES HORSE RACE

PARIS, June 25.—Crown Prince Hirohito first member of any Japanese dynasty to grace a horse race by his presence, was the most interested spectator of the vast crowds of dignitaries who this afternoon watched the British horse Lemora capture the Grand Prix at Longchamps. The prince was greeted by a brilliant display of Japanese parasols. Longchamps has always affected the parasol. But on this occasion this equipment of the thousands of wonderfully gowned women seemed as if it was intended only for the distinguished visitors.

Gasoline in Storage Reaches New Record

A record amount of gasoline is now stored in the United States, according to the Bureau of Mines. The total is 508,551,519 gallons, an increase of 61,000,000 gallons since April.

HOEFER TO QUIT HOLD IN SILESIA

BERLIN, June 26.—It is learned from an official source that Gen. Hoefner has accepted the allied proposal that the Germans and Poles withdraw their forces from Upper Silesia. Under the allies plan the Poles will begin their withdrawal on June 28 and both sides will have completed their evacuation by July 5. Three commissions of three allied officers each will control the evacuation if the Polish dictator Korfanty accepts the terms of the allies.

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